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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE PRIESTHOOD

We stand apart
That men may see
The lines about our eyes.

We perish, we
Who die in art,
With that surprise

Of one who speaks
To us and knows
Wherein he lies.

WHERE MY SIGHT GOES

Who knows
Where my sight goes,
What your sight shows—
Where the peachtree blows?

The frogs sing
Of everything,
And children run
As leaves swing;

And many women pass
Dressed in white,
As thoughts of noon pass
From sea to sea.

Yvor Winters

And all these things would take
My life from me.

DEATH GOES BEFORE ME

Death goes before me on his hands and knees,
And we go down among the bending trees.

Weeping I go, and no man gives me ease—
I am that strange thing that each strange eye sees;

Eyes of the silence, and all life an eye,
Turn in the wind; and always I walk by.

Too still I go, and all things go from me
As down far autumn beaches a man runs to the sea.

My hands are cold, my lips are thin and dumb.
Stillness is like the beating of a drum.

Yvor Winters